Metal, Glass, and Leather

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Metal, Glass, and Leather

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

Hannibal has some new challenges for Will.

Notes

How much longer will I write hannigram porn that pretends they just got together in Season 1? Probably as long as Season 2 still hurts (so for forever).

See the end of the work for more notes

Will wasn't entirely sure how he'd ended up in this predicament. When Hannibal had proposed "pushing his limits," he hadn't necessarily expected it to include the devious object he now knew was called an *anal hook.* In fact, the thing had an extra metal ball on it, making it especially intense-looking.

Hannibal had him restrained with a belt around his wrists, and on his knees, before he'd shown it to Will. Although he hadn't objected to its use, rationalizing that Hannibal had never pushed him beyond what he could handle, he was still shaking after it had been inserted. When Hannibal looped a length of the belt through the end of the hook, bringing up and keeping his back straight, Will began to breathe hard.

"I'm going to need you to stay upright through this entire experience, Will."

Nodding, unable to speak because of the pressure the object inside of him was putting on his prostate, Will committed to the "experience," as Hannibal had put it.

He soon felt something sliding up the inside of his thigh. Soft and pliant, it glided over his ass, and up his back, before going back down again. It circled around his hip, and up his abdomen, before Will could look down and see what it was: the tip of a riding crop.

Hannibal brought it up to slide over his nipple, and he shivered; the sensation went straight to his cock. He involuntarily hunched his shoulders forward, just a little; the motion moved the hook, and he moaned as he began to leak. Hannibal, standing over him, smiled.

The crop was taken down over his other nipple, and down, down, to slide under his balls, lifting them just a little, one after the other. Will was just getting used to that unusual sensation, when a blow landed on his upper thigh. This time, he jerked backwards, the hook moving inside of him once again. The combination of intense, forced pleasure, alongside the sting, made him cry out.

Again, the soft tip of the crop moved gently over the spot that was just struck, and as quickly another blow followed. Hannibal continued on this way, caressing, striking, until the insides, front, and back of Will's thighs were red and purple. The strain of holding himself up was showing in the fluttering muscles of his legs; the metal hook inside of him making his cock strain and surge.

"Just a little while longer, Will..." Hannibal's words barely penetrated his consciousness. Will couldn't imagine anything more intense than this, but rationally, he knew their *experience* had only just begun.

Like it had started, Hannibal ran the crop back up his chest. Short, sharp blows, in quick succession, were applied to his nipples, which had become quite hard with all the stimulation he'd endured. Will couldn't help but thrash back and then forwards, despite knowing it would mean an overwhelming amount of pressure inside of him. He was a whimpering mess in seconds.

Hannibal leaned down, and took each nipple in his mouth in turn, soothing rather than biting. To Will, this was almost worse.

His head dipped backwards, and Hannibal finally released his hands. Slowly, the hook was removed, and Will was finally able to slump fully to his knees, head bowed. Hannibal gave him a few minutes to rest, before looping an arm under Wills' and letting him fall to the nearby bed. He made sure his knees were tucked under his body, his head pressed into a pillow. His hands of course were still tied behind him, so there was very little he could do to resist.

Hannibal took advantage of Will's need for rest to remove the rest of his own clothes. This was always a careful process for him, folding trousers over his dressing chair and making sure his shirt sleeves, which had been rolled up, were straightened when he draped it in turn.

When he was naked, he caressed Will's flesh, so sweetly presented to him.

"Are you ready to continue, Will?"

A quiet "*yes"* was all he needed to hear.

He took a velvet-wrapped object out of a nearby drawer. It was something he didn't want Will to see before it was used on him; he might have been too nervous to allow its use.

A long, ridged blue glass probe, with a comfortable handle that fit well in his hands. It was nearly as long as his cock, and close to being as thick at its largest places. He poured a large measure of lubricant down the cleft of Will's ass, just waiting for him to use as he wished.

Will was just coming back to himself when he felt it, and it made him shudder deeply. He didn't know exactly what was to happen, but he knew he was once again about to be penetrated.

Hannibal wrapped one hand around a loop of the binding leather belt, and pressed the tip of the blue glass to Will's slick hole. He saw his hands tighten into fists, but he didn't try to move forward. Advancing two ridges of the object inside, Hannibal pulled it back out again. He inserted it this way, by degrees; one more section pushed inside, and then taken all the way back out again.

Finally, he was on the last ridge, and watched in rapt fascination as Will took it all. He could hear him breathing hard into the pillow as he removed it fully, only to repeat the agonizing process again.

He worked it all the way in, all the way out, over and over. His plan was to both stretch Will and sensitize his prostate, which, judging by how wet Will's cock was getting, was succeeding admirably.

Hannibal tightened his grip on the leather that bound Will's wrists, until it nearly dug into his flesh; he didn't want to break the skin, but wanted to send a message of firm control. A final time withdrawing the ridged glass instrument, and he saw that the desired effect had been achieved - Will's hole gaped just slightly. He had learned from reading his body that this

level of openness was just enough to make it easier to fuck him, while still maintaining a delicious tightness.

Will was breathing hard but deeply; another sign that Hannibal could read. He'd be deeply into his own envisioning of what was to follow. This heightened the experience for him, drew it backwards through time. He felt Hannibal taking him before he actually did. But if the spell were to stay unbroken, it would have to be a quick transition from fantasy into reality.

"Hannibal, please. I need you inside me."

"I know, Will," Hannibal said almost sweetly. He was already slickening his cock, which he had barely noticed was painfully hard.

He placed the thick head at Will's open hole, and entered him slowly but firmly, a meaningful thrust of his hips at the very last. Hand still wrapped firmly around the belt, Hannibal rode him, and both of them focused only on those beautiful sounds of hard breathing and flesh against flesh.

Will didn't want to end this perfect meditation by speaking, but he wanted to communicate nonetheless. He tried to raise his hips and meet Hannibal's thrusts. The message was very clear: *harder*. Hannibal complied with the silent request, altering his rhythm, and pulling on the restraint. Will's neediness brought him close to orgasm very quickly. This was more about drawing out Will's desire than prolonging his own pleasure, so he let the wave carry him along, and soon found himself moaning Will's name as he came deep inside his ass, still so tight and hot.

He withdrew when he was finished, delivering a firm slap to the flesh before him. Loosening the binding, and savoring the redness of Will's wrists it left behind, he moved him to lay on his back, while cradling him with one arm.

"You need to cum very badly, Will. Show me."

He moved Will's hand to his cock, covering it with his own for a moment before inserting two fingers into his slick hole. He closed his eyes briefly, enjoying the psychological and tactile aspects of feeling his own cum lubricating Will as he fingered him.

But he also wished to see; and Will treated him to the loveliest display of touching himself, masturbating slowly at first, but then harder and faster as Hannibal thrust into him with greater force.

"You're so beautiful like this. Taking everything I can give you, and showing me what you are."

"Yes, ah, please, harder..." Will wanted to say so much, but the needs of his body had overwhelmed him. Hannibal kissed his forehead, understanding.

"Just let go, and cum for me."

He didn’t realize he’d been waiting for permission, but this pushed Will over the brink. He wailed, spilling over his hand, each thrust of Hannibal’s fingers producing another torrent. They both watched together, Will open-mouthed and Hannibal fascinated and deeply pleased.

Finally spent, Will’s head tipped back, and Hannibal guided him to lay back, fingers taken out at last.

Another meditative silence followed, just breaths upon the air, heavy with the scent of sweat and arousal.

“You did beautifully,” Hannibal said quietly after moments difficult to count. “I must devise a greater challenge for you next time.”

Will only opened his eyes, and smiled.

End Notes

Some inspiration for the glass object; the anal hook I envisioned; and a nice NSFW porn gif of some belt-binding of the wrists.

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